

THE LIFE OF
GEORGE L. SMITH
North Carolina's Ex-Convict

Boldest and Bravest Blind Tiger Man

Who has run Blind Tigers in nearly every town in North Carolina, and served 23 times on the Chain Gangs and been 208 times in jail, and been driven out of 64 towns and counties of North and South Carolina, and 4 times ordered by Judges to leave the State.

I have traveled this road 16 long years. If I had only listened to my poor old father and mother's advice I would not have gotten on this road at all. No one can listen to his father and mother's advice too much, because they would work for you when you could not for yourself.

Your mother would rock your cradle when you could not rock it yourself, and she would answer to your call when no one else would. She is the only friend you have on earth and when she dies you can tell her goodbye at the grave and say that the best friend you ever had on earth is gone. Then sorrow will come and friends will come but your mother will never come.

To all motherless children lead a Christian life, then you will have no trouble here on earth, besides your poor soul will spend eternity in heaven which will be so much better than to live in sin and trouble here on earth and then die and spend eternity in hell, which means forever and ever, like a wheel which has no end to it. That is an awful thing to think about.

To all who read this book please forgive me for the life I have lived, then God will forgive you. Amen.



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GEORGE L. SMITH

NORTH CAROLINA'S EX-CONVICT AND BRAVEST AND BOLDEST BLIND TIGER MAN. 23 times on the Chain Gang and 208 times in Jail. This is the road you will travel, my boy, if you don't mend your way.

A great dream in this book I had on the night of October 27, 1909, it changed my way; it will change yours. If you don't change your way, where are you going to spend eternity?



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GEORGE L. SMITH.

NORTH CAROLINA'S EX-CONVICT AND BRAVEST AND BOLDEST BLIND TIGER MAN.

I, G. L. Smith, was born the year 1878, August 1st, in the County of Sampson, N. C. At the age of nine I went into business by picking huckleberries to the amount of 72 cents, which I sold to my uncle, C. C. Smith, and took in trade from my uncle's store. The amount in trade, which he sold me at cost, I purchased the 72 cents, in candy, clay pipes and cakes, which I brought to my father's house and put same in little play house which I had built to play in and sold same to negro laborers on my father's farm at some profit, about \$1.37 for the 72 cents invested. I invested my \$1.37 in candy, sugar and black pepper and soda, for which I realized the amount of \$2.35. And from then on my little business increased very much and the people in the neighborhood saw I was determined to go into business, and I had to build me a little store about 8x10 feet in my father's yard, and nearly every boy and a good many other people around my home came to my little store for a good many things I kept in the way of groceries. In the year 1887, my first year in business, with only 72 cents invested, I realized a profit of \$37.80. Now, beginning the year of 1888, known as the year of the largest huckleberry crop in the history of the State of North Carolina, with only \$37.80 to do business on, I bought 287 crates of huckleberries, at an average of about \$1.80 per crate, which I shipped to the Northern market and realized about \$3.60 per crate, therefore I doubled my money, getting two dollars for one dollar invested, and during the fall of the same year I bought over 250 bushels of corn and about four or five bales of cotton in seed, which I paid for same in trade out of my little store, and at the end of the year 1888 I had a profit of about \$680.00 for the 72 cents I invested in the year 1887.

And my business still increased, and in the year of 1889 I found it necessary to build a second larger store, 12x16, which I filled with a few dry goods, notions and groceries, but the year 1889 was a very small crop of huckleberries, and I only bought about 150 crates, and it seemed that everybody went into buying huckleberries all over the country, which of course put up prices of berries and my profit was not near as much per crate as the year 1888, and my profit on huckleberries for year of 1889 was about \$180.00, but I had a good fall trade, buying cotton, corn, chickens and eggs, on which I realized a nice little profit and at the end of year 1889, out of my 72 cents invested in 1887 I had a clear profit of about \$1,250.00.

And my business was still increasing and during the year of 1890 I was compelled to build my third store, which was 16x24, in my

father's yard, and I filled the same with nice little line of dry goods and groceries, and on Saturday evening it looked like a little town, as I had the whole yard full of customers, and I had to call on my father and mother to help me wait on my customers. And I want to state now to my readers that they were the best days of my life, as I had no expenses at all; my father and mother clothed me free of charge, and hauled all of my goods from the town of Warsaw, which place you will see later on I moved to and went into business. While living at my father's, I bought most of my goods from my first cousin, J. B. Winders, who is now postmaster of his town. He, seeing that I was afflicted, and trying to make an honest living, he helped me a great deal in my business, which I appreciate up to this day. And in the year 1891 I built my fourth store, 20x32, and filled the same with general merchandise.

And did a nice business for several years up to 1891, and I begged my father to let me move to the town of Warsaw, as my business was six miles out in the country and I thought I could do better in town. But he seriously objected, but I still kept after him, telling if I only could get in a town and rent me a place and put in about \$1,500.00 stock of goods I could soon get rich. Finally he agreed to let me go, I being only 13 years old. I moved my stock of goods to the town of Warsaw and opened business. My business in Warsaw was a success for a short while. I carried about four or five thousand dollar stock of general merchandise. I only stayed at Warsaw, N. C., about two years and moved back to my father's home worth about four thousand dollars. I then moved my fourth store from my father's yard out on the public road known as the Wilmington and Goldsboro dirt road, in Sampson County, North Carolina. I did business at this place during part of the year of 1894, and increased my stock to about five thousand dollars. Now, being the age of 16, during the fall of 1894 I came to town of Warsaw about October 1st, and met a man who offered to sell out a stock of general merchandise to me at 75 cents on the dollar. I took him to be my friend, as I had known him for several years. I then proceeded to move my stock of goods from my country store to the place I bought out, which I had paid so much money down to confirm the trade. After I had gotten all my goods in his place of business I was to pay him \$50.00 per week balance due him until goods were paid for. During the time I had become pretty well known in business and could buy goods from any of the wholesale merchants in Wilmington, N. C., being recommended by Mr. W. R. Newbury, of Magnolia, N. C. I bought quite a large stock of goods, filled my store up and sold out on credit that year about \$2,000.00, and was unable to collect over \$250.00 that fall. Being unable to meet the \$50.00 payment per week to the man whom I bought out, he closed down on me and then my creditors in the different cities also came down on me and took everything I had made up to this time, which was about five thousand dollars, whereas, if I had taken my father's advice I would

have been at home now doing a good business. Now, being the year of 1895, on January 1st my doctor advised me to go to Baltimore for treatment for catarrh of the head, which I did, and stayed there for four months. During the four months I worked most of my time in a candy factory, and the doctor told me they could do me no good. I bought me a small candy outfit, also popcorn machine, which cost about \$277.50, and the Worth Company, of Wilmington, N. C., being a good friend of mine, paid for same. I opened my first candy business in Wilmington, N. C., June 1st, 1895, and stayed there about four months. Weather being very warm, did not make a success at the business candy melting and could not find any sale for same. I left Wilmington and came home for a few weeks. After staying a short time I begged my father to let me try another town, as I was only 17 years old. He finally decided to let me go and I went back to Wilmington and my friends, the Worth Company, who advised me to go to Fayetteville, which I did, and stayed three months, they still backing me up. At the end of three months in Fayetteville, I never made my expenses, and I decided to go to Clinton, N. C., and open up business, which is only 11 miles from my father's home. Only stayed in Clinton two months, and my brother decided to go in business with me, and we left Clinton, N. C., about January 1st, 1896, for Greensboro, N. C. After arriving in Greensboro I found there was no room for me in the candy business, as the town was full up. So, I only stayed in Greensboro a short time, and had to sell out my popcorn machine to get out of town, and we left Greensboro for Rock Hill, S. C., and only made pure candy for about eight months, the building I was in, the party who owned same, was going to tear down and replace it with brick building, and I could get no other place, and I decided to go to Greenville, S. C. Could not get any house to open my candy business in, so I left Greenville, S. C., for Spartanburg, S. C. I looked around for two or three days and could not get house in the town, so my brother and myself decided to return to Rock Hill, S. C., and we walked down to depot to catch a train for Rock Hill. While waiting at the depot for the train a well-dressed man came in the depot and to my brother and myself, asking us what train we were going off on. I told him the train for Rock Hill, S. C. He stated he was going on the same, but it would be two hours before the train was due, and remarked to us to let's take a walk down the railroad as we had plenty of time to do so, and we went with him, and we came to a large lumber yard and looked across the lumber yard and saw another well-dressed man and the man that we walked from the depot with said let's go over there and see who the man was sitting on a pile of lumber, and we all walked over there and spoke to him, and my brother and myself found out after a short time that the two well-dressed men were partners. The man sitting on the lumber asked the one whom we walked down the railroad with if he ever saw the ball that killed Jesse James, and he said, "No, let me look at it." So he ran his

hand in his pocket and pulled out something, opened up like a book, nicely lined with blue velvet cloth, and inside there was three half shells of English walnuts and one little black ball, and he began to shift the ball from one shell to another, and offered to bet five dollars the ball was under a certain shell, and the man whom we left the depot with, said, "Come, boys, let's bet him five dollars apiece," and the man working the shell had to put up fifteen dollars against ours. We all won for the first time or two, and we continued to bet with him and he finally won all we had but enough to get us back to Rock Hill, S. C.

My brother and I went back up town and swore out a warrant for them. The police found them and arrested them, and made them give \$100.00 justified bond until next morning at 10 o'clock, and my brother and I were locked up to have us as witnesses against them next morning, when the case was to be tried. Next morning at 10 o'clock they were found guilty and fined \$50.00 apiece and costs. It did not cost my brother and me anything, except one night in jail, and that was only done to hold us as witnesses. And we left Spartanburg the same evening for Rock Hill, S. C.

When we arrived at Rock Hill we had no money at all, but had one good friend, and he loaned us \$25.00, and I secured him with my candy machine, and opened up my candy business once more in Rock Hill, and run it for three months, and a man came in my place of business, whom I took to be a friend, and advised me to open a blind tiger business. Of course, you all know that means selling whiskey without license behind the curtains. Well, I made out my first order for whiskey from W. H. Hoover, Charlotte, N. C., consisting of 40 pints of corn, 40 pints of rye and two barrels of beer, and as soon as my brother found out I had ordered the whiskey he left me and went to work in the cotton mills until he got enough money to get back home on. In a few days my whiskey and beer arrived at express office at Rock Hill and the express wagon delivered same to my place of business at back door. I then cut a hole through my store floor and made a box large enough to hold the whiskey I had ordered. I also hid my beer in the same way in another part of the house. It was only a short while before the drinking class of people found out I was handling whiskey and beer on the sly. I soon sold out what I first ordered and doubled my order next time, and continued on in this way for about three months, when some of the people who were opposed to such business got straight behind me, but could not catch me, as I knew who to sell and who not to sell. So they sent to Columbia, S. C., after a revenue officer by the name of James Thompson. He drove up in front of my place of business, muddy all over and looking very much like an old farmer. He tied his horse to a post in front of my place and walked in and said to me: "Anything doing? Have you got anything you can warm up a countryman with? I have driven ten miles through the cold and would give anything for a drink of red-eye." This man looked so

much like a backwoods farmer, I told him I had anything he wanted, and asked him what kind he wanted. He told me to let him have a pint of white corn, for which he paid me 60 cents, for he told me he had several friends he wanted to bring round to get some. I told him to bring them on if they were all right. In about thirty minutes he came back with two other men and all three wanted a pint apiece and put the money on the counter, and I reached under the counter and handed them the three bottles of whiskey. They all went out and walked up town and in about an hour and a half they returned to my place and wanted more whiskey, which I let them have—three more pints—and they left my place again, and in another hour they came back with two policemen, and then the man I first sold the whiskey to showed me his revenue badge. The police had a warrant for me for selling whiskey to the revenue officer and two other men who were with him at the time I sold it. And they arrested me and locked me up until next morning at 10 o'clock. They tried me for selling whiskey and finding 125 pints of whiskey in my store, also about three barrels of beer, I was convicted before the mayor's court and put under a \$200.00 bond. This was about the 12th of December, 1896. I was tried in January, 1897, at Yorkville, S. C., in York county, was convicted and the judge in sentencing me said that as it was my first offense he would give me only 30 days on the roads at hard labor. Many nights have I lain on my old bunk and never slept one wink—thinking of my poor father and mother. And if I had only taken their advice I would not have been where I now am in a convict camp down in South Carolina. After serving my sentence of 30 days, I returned to Rock Hill and opened up my candy business again for about 30 days, but craving money so much and not making it fast enough in the candy business, I ordered more whiskey and beer and opened up another blind tiger in the same place and sold it for about four months before they got up with me again—the same revenue officer running up on me some time in June, 1897, and placing me under arrest, locked me up in the guard house until next day at 10 o'clock.

They brought me out for trial. The revenue officer swore he saw me deliver two pints of whiskey to a certain man and I was convicted in mayor's court and the mayor gave me three days to leave town in and not return in two years or he would bind me over to court again. So I decided to leave and sold my candy outfit to Lee Hand and left Rock Hill, S. C., the same night at 8 o'clock on blind baggage of passenger train with \$460.00 in my pocket. I rode clear to Danville, Va., before I was detected, but at Danville the depot policeman found me on blind baggage and wanted to know what I was doing up there and where I was going. He called me down off train and put me under arrest and took me to the police station and locked me up. Next morning they had me before the mayor and put a fine of \$10.00 and costs on me for beating my way on the train. I paid him and left city on same train that night on blind baggage.

Rode within about 50 miles of Washington, D. C. It was about daylight and they caught me again and put me off, but I was not arrested. That night about sunset I caught another train on blind baggage and reached Washington, D. C., about 8 o'clock. That night the conductor found me as soon as the train stopped and turned me over to the police and police seemed to be sorry for me and let me go. I walked around and went into an alley where I found a large dry goods box and crawled in box and went to sleep. A man passed by me about daylight and woke me up and told me I had better get up or the police would get me. I got up and found a place to wash my face and hands. I stayed in Washington, D. C., about two days looking around. I left Washington one night about 8 o'clock on blind baggage for Philadelphia, Pa. Went all the way without being caught. About thirty miles out of Washington, train making about 35 miles per hour, taking on water while running, I being next to the tender, when tank was filled, water flew out of top tank and almost drowned me. This was about July 1st, 1897. I was very cold when I reached Philadelphia about daylight. The conductor found me when the train stopped at Union depot, but I begged him not to have me locked up, as I was a long way from home and almost sick from exposure being out nights. I stayed in Philadelphia one day and night and went down to freight yard and caught a watermelon train for New York. Stayed in New York three days and left there on blind baggage for Philadelphia. When I arrived there I looked around the city for three days. The last day I was in the city of Philadelphia I was sitting in front of a large building near the freight yards. About three o'clock in the evening three well-dressed men came by and spoke to me, asking if I lived in Philadelphia. I told them no, that I was from North Carolina, Sampson county. They asked me how long I would be in Philadelphia? I told them I was going to Baltimore on first train tonight. They said they were going there, too, on the same train, to come go with us, that it would not cost me anything. So I went with them to freight yards and there we found seven more sitting up on a little hill under a shade tree. We all walked over to where the crowd of seven were, and the three I was with said to the seven others, we have another partner. So we all sat down together and talked for about thirty minutes, and all of us put in a little money and sent and got a bucket of beer. Soon the beer man was back. We all drank some and about 30 minutes more we sent back for another bucket full and drank that, and in a short time we sent for the third bucket full and drank that; by that time we all were feeling jolly and good-by for Baltimore. We all crawled into an open box car which had been loaded with watermelons. About 12 miles out from Philadelphia we all got off at a little town called Mooretown, Pa. We all struck out from house to house begging for something to eat. We had the good luck of getting plenty to eat for our supper. We then went out of town a short ways, and sat under a large tree and ate

what we had begged, all eating together. Then we began to look for some place to sleep, as it was about night. We finally found an old ice house about a mile from town. Had to go through an old bay pond to find it. Seem that some of the party in the crowd had been there before as they knew where it was. No floor in it, we had a good many old newspapers that we put on the ground and lay on them to keep from being on the ground. About 2 o'clock that night they thought I was asleep. I heard several of them talking about getting up and going out to turn a switch so as to wreck a passenger train due along there about day, so they could rob and loot the train of all they could find. Just before daylight seven of the party left to go to the freight yard in Mooretown to wreck the passenger train for the purpose of robbing the passengers. The engineer discovered that the switch had been thrown from main line to the siding and he stopped his train, and, seeing such a large crowd, the train backed into Union depot at Philadelphia. The seven men who left us at daylight came back to where we all slept and lay down for two or three hours. I still lying down like I was asleep, I heard the men who had left us talking to the three they left with me, saying they had failed to wreck the train for the first time. In a short time we all got up and went down to the freight yard and found a box car opened on side track. The crowd all got into the car but myself. I tried to slip off, for I did not want to be in any such crowd, but they all got after me and made me get into the car. We sat there about one hour and talked. They all plotted how to get our breakfast. Some went one way and some another. They left three in the car with me so I could not slip off from them. In a short while they all come back and had plenty of breakfast for us all, and we all ate together in the car.

As soon as we finished eating we talked for about an hour and five of them got up and went a little way from the car and were plotting something. In a few minutes they came back into the car and asked me if I had a pocket knife or a pistol. I told them I had no pistol, but had an old pocket knife. They asked me to lend them my knife, and I let them have it, not thinking they meant to do me any harm. As soon as they got my knife they told me that I had money in my pocket, and would not spend it, so they said, "Come on, boys, and let's take it away from him," and they overpowered me and took \$42.00 from my pockets. I had \$400.00 in my shoes—paper money, and a few large bills, which they did not find until later on. I tried very hard to get away from them to report them to the police, but could not get away at that time.

It was very warm about the middle of July, 1897. Some of them spoke of a pond of water about three hundred yards from the car we were in, and proposed going over to the pond and go in bathing. As it was in the woods where no one could see us and a nice place to bathe, they all started off but myself, and I told them I did not want to go, but they made me go with them. When we all got there

five of them undressed and went in. They said the water was warm and for me to come in. I told them I did not care to go in as I was nearly sick with cold. The five who were in the pond went across to the other side, and called the other five to come around where they were. They all talked there a short time, plotting something. They all came back on the side where I was and told me I had to go in bathing. I told them I would not go in. One of them remarked to the crowd that I had more money, and they believed I had it in my shoes. Then I wished I had run when they were on the other side of the pond plotting. They made me take off my shoes, and found my \$400.00 and took it from me. I tried to get away from them, but could not get away then. The crowd talked about cutting my throat and throwing me in the pond, and leaving me there. I sat down on a rock and put my shoes back on. One of the crowd asked the others if they had that sharp knife. He said to the fellow give it to me. The man who had the knife said to the others, "Hold him. I will cut his throat." They started toward me and I jumped and ran for my life. They took after me and ran me for nearly 500 yards until I came near some houses, where people were living, and they turned around and went back towards the woods and called to me, if I would come back they would give me my money back, but I played like I did not hear them and went on to one of the houses and rang the doorbell and an old lady came to the door, and I told her all about what had happened, the best I could. She told me her son was eating supper, but would come out and see me in a few minutes and advise me the best he could, as he was a lawyer. In a short time he came out and saw me, and asked me my troubles. I told him all, the best I could. He asked me did they take every cent I had. I told him yes. He asked me where I was from. I told him from North Carolina, Sampson county. He asked me if I had had anything to eat that day. I told him I had had a little breakfast that morning. He told his servant to fix me a place at his table, and give me supper, all I wanted, which she did. He told her to fix me a lunch to take with me. He gave me enough money to pay my car fare to Chester, Pa., four miles from Mooretown, Pa. Also enough money to get me a place to sleep that night. He wrote a note for me to give to the chief of police, telling him all that had happened. He went with me to the car line and when I got to Chester the first man I saw was a Jew, running a large clothing store. I asked him where I could find the chief police. He walked with me and found him for me. I gave the note I had to the chief of police. He read it and questioned me all about what had happened and how. He remarked that he thought it was the same crowd that tried to wreck the passenger train the night before near Mooretown freight yard. I told him they were the same crowd, for I was with them that night they tried to wreck the train. There were eleven of us in an old ice house near Mooretown, where we had gone there to sleep that night. I heard several of them plotting to wreck the early morning pas-

senger train going to Baltimore. The chief of police phoned the general superintendent of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway to send some detectives at once, as he thought he had a man that could put them on the track of the men who tried to wreck the train at Mooretown a night or so before. The superintendent phoned back to the chief of police to lock me up and hold me until next morning; that he would have men there to investigate the matter. The superintendent and detective came next morning and called for me, and I told them all I knew about the whole matter. The superintendent of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway told me if I would point out to them the parties that attempted to wreck the train and robbed me he would get me my money back and give me \$500.00 for my work. Also a ticket back to my home in North Carolina.

I rode over with the superintendent and his detectives to Philadelphia. They telegraphed over the whole country for four or five hundred miles around to look out for all hoboos, suspicious persons not at work and to lock them up and hold them until they could get their man around to identify the parties, if found by any one. We went to every town that they had wired the superintendent they had several locked up, but was never able to find the parties. We traveled for about three weeks, day and night, and we finally had to give up the hunt in Philadelphia, and the detective and superintendent asked me did I want to go home. I told them yes. So I went as far as Baltimore with the superintendent and detective, and I went up to the superintendent's office, and he gave me a pass from Baltimore to Warsaw, N. C., also \$10.00 in money.

I reached home about four o'clock in the afternoon, and walked to my father's home and got there about sunset. Before I got home I went through our field and met a negro I knew, and asked him where my father planted his watermelon patch this year. I was thirsty and wanted a melon to eat. He told me where it was at, and I got me a nice one and went up near the house and sat on the fence and was eating it when my mother and father saw me. They were very much surprised, and could not talk to me for some little time for crying, to think I had reached home again and out of trouble.

If it had not been for a colored man from my home, who was working in a coal yard in Philadelphia, by the name of S. H. Wilson, I would have been held for the attempt at wrecking the train at Mooretown, Pa., in July 1897.

I stayed home from about the 1st of August until about the first of October of the same year. Then I borrowed some money from my father and ordered me another candy outfit. When it reached Warsaw, N. C., I took it over to Clinton, N. C., and opened up a candy store about eleven miles from my old home, and made candy all of the fall of 1897, and about January 1st, 1898, my candy business did not make me as much money as I thought I needed, so I decided again to open another blind tiger business. I craved money more than anything else, and knew there was lots of money to be made at

this kind of business. So I ordered two cases of corn whiskey, 40 pints to the case, and one case of rye whiskey, 40 pints to the case, also three barrels of beer, which I called the Black Brew Tonic. I ran this business for about four months, during which time my father came to Clinton often and begged me to quit this kind of business, for, he said, sooner or later I would suffer for it, and for my mother's sake please to stop this business. If I could not make a living making candy alone, for me to come home, and he would take care of me; but I would not come and do as they said, but kept on selling whiskey and beer and was caught about the last of April, 1898, on one Saturday evening about 3 o'clock, caused by three or four boys being drunk and disorderly on the streets of Clinton, N. C. They were arrested and brought before the mayor, and he questioned them as to where they got their whiskey from, and they told him that they bought it from me, and the mayor wrote out a warrant against me for selling whiskey without license. The chief of police came over to my place of business and arrested me, and carried me before the mayor. I was found guilty and bound over to court under a \$300.00 justified bond. My lawyer gave the bond for me. Court convened the first Monday in May, same year. I was tried and convicted, and they passed sentence on me the 16th day of May, giving me ninety days in the county roads of Wayne county. On the following Monday I was taken from the jail in Sampson county and carried to Goldsboro, and put in jail for about three days until the road overseer, T. T. Lucas, came after me to take me on the road. It was about night when we reached the camp. They put me in a tent and showed me my bunk in with the crowd and put shackles around my ankles every night. Every morning we had to be up by daylight, and get ready for breakfast and go to work on the road. Everybody had to wash in the same bucket and same water, about seventy-five of us, on the road, white and black, all slept under the same tent. We had every morning for breakfast fat white side, cold, and corn bread, about two inches thick and four inches wide, cooked the night before, never sifted the meal at all. Also they gave us black molasses, all in one tin pan, grease about half an inch thick in the pan, and it cold. It seemed all but impossible for me to live on this diet for ninety days, but working so hard in mud and water up to my knees, my appetite soon came to me, and the fat meat and corn bread and molasses tasted as good to me as anything I ever eat before getting on the chaingang. I received several letters from my dear mother, saying how sorry she was for me. She sent me the nicest box of something good to eat, but it stayed in the depot at Mount Olive so long I was unable to eat it when I received it, as it was stale. How glad would I have been to have gotten it before it spoiled. Never a night passed but what I said to myself, if ever I lived to get back to my home with father and mother I would lead a different life and take their advice

The time dragged on and my ninety days were about out. Minutes seemed like hours, days like weeks and weeks like months; but the time came at last, as I gained nine days on account of good be-pints, and two barrels of beer. It took a short while to sell this and I shall never forget that, as there was a heavy black cloud in the northwest coming up, but I never stopped for that. It was nearly dark, and before I got 500 yards from the tent it poured down rain. I kept on until I came to a little house by the side of the railroad about three miles from Goldsboro. There I spent the night, lying on the floor. Next morning about daylight I got up and started for Goldsboro, N. C. After I arrived at Goldsboro I bought me some clothes and got a good bath and caught the three o'clock train for Warsaw, N. C., and arrived there at four o'clock p. m. My brother met me at the depot and we drove out to my old home, six miles from Warsaw, N. C. I stayed at home about one month, and went back to Clinton and bought out a small grocery business from a man by the name of Lewis Pearce. I also opened up my candy business, too. I continued this business for a few weeks, but was not making expenses, so I could not help on account of love for money from opening another blind tiger. So I ordered two cases of whiskey, 80 pints and two barrels of beer. It took a short while to sell this and then I duplicated my order, when my supply on hand began to get low. I continued on in this for about three months. Having been caught at this business in this town once before, they watched me very closely, and at the end of three months they had rounded me up once more and carried me before the mayor, and I was convicted the second time in Clinton for the same offense. The mayor put me under a \$200.00 bond to appear at court. My lawyer went on my bond again, and I was tried at the February term of court, 1899. They convicted me, but it so happened that it was not the same judge who tried me before, and only put \$100.00 fine and costs upon me. I got a horse and buggy and drove to my father and borrowed part of the money and went back to Clinton. The judge said he would give me until next term of court to pay the balance of my fine. So the sheriff came around every week and I paid him so much each week until it was all settled. The mayor of Clinton then allowed me to sell malt tonic. I sold this for about two months and the people of the town began to kick on this, so the mayor sent police to my place and told me to stop selling the malt tonic. At this time I had eight barrels on hand, so I sent it up to my house and put it in my barn. In a few days a man came around and bought my business from me except my candy outfit. I then moved from Clinton to Wallace, N. C., Duplin county, and opened up a candy business. After I got my candy business running I had my eight barrels of malt shipped to me at Wallace, N. C., and began selling it. I sold a half barrel when the people of Wallace began to kick heavily against it, and a party came to me on one Saturday and told me if I did not stop selling it they would have me arrested and put under a

bond for my appearance at court. Then I sold my candy outfit and shipped my malt back to Clinton, N. C., and I left Wallace, N. C. for Norfolk, Va., to buy some pool tables, which I did purchase—three tables—and had them shipped to Clinton, N. C. Then I rented a two-story building and opened up my pool room. I then sent to the depot and had my malt tonic brought up to my pool room and had it put upstairs over my pool room.

I had a very good run with my pool room. Also the boys would run upstairs and get a bottle of malt. They begun to go so often after malt that, of course, having been in trouble there twice before they were watching my place very close. So the police standing in front of my door watching one Saturday night, took the names of all the boys whom he saw going up and down the stairs. He then had them before the mayor the next Monday morning. Some of them swore they bought malt from me and then the mayor sent for me and tried me and found me guilty and put me under a \$100.00 bond until court convened in May, 1899. I was again found guilty, but sentence was reserved until the last of court, and I was locked up in Clinton jail until sentence was passed upon me. The judge sent for me on the last day of court to come up in the court house to receive my sentence, which was three months on the roads of Wayne county. The sheriff took me to Goldsboro, N. C., the following Monday, and put me in jail and the road boss came after me the next day and took me out to the camp, this being my second time on the roads of Wayne county, it did not go quite as hard with me as the first time, but the fare was no better.

My time was out on the 28th of August, 1899. I reached Goldsboro the same night and left the next morning at 7 o'clock. On reaching Warsaw, N. C., at 8 o'clock, I walked out to my old home again. I only stayed a few days. My mother begged me not ever again to sell strong drink, for I had nearly killed her with trouble. When I started to leave for Clinton she followed me to the gate; the last word she said was, please don't do anything that would get me in any more trouble. When I got to Clinton I packed up my pool tables and put them in the depot and shipped them to Concord, N. C. Then I left Clinton for Concord the next day, and when I reached there I began looking around for a house to open up my pool room in. I got my house by the time my tables arrived and put them up and was ready for business in a short time. My business was very good, it being a large cotton mill town, and everybody had plenty of work to do and spent their money freely.

In about a month after getting acquainted with the boys, especially the class that drink old booze, I decided I would open a little side line along with my pool room. So I ordered me two cases of whiskey, one of corn and one of rye, and five barrels of beer. This order only lasted a short while, so I doubled my order the next time. I continued doing a good business for eight months without any trouble at all. Along toward the last of eight months they were getting

too bold and rowdy, fighting right much. In one of the fights there was about eight or nine in it, and the police came around and put the whole crowd under arrest. This was on Saturday night, and they put all of them under bond until Monday morning, and then they had all of them up before the mayor. He fined the whole push \$10.00 and costs apiece. The mayor asked them where they got so much whiskey from. Some of the crowd gave me away and the mayor wrote out a warrant for me and the chief of police came after me, and carried me before the mayor, who tried me and found me guilty, and put me under a \$200.00 bond until court. I put up the money for my bond. I was tried in the May term of court, 1900, was convicted and sentenced to the county roads for four months.

This time I would not let my mother know anything about this, for she had seen enough trouble over me. This was the worst chain-gang up to now I had ever been on. I worked in nothing but clay mud up to my knees all the time. I often got letters from my mother saying she was glad I was getting on so nicely, she not knowing I was on the chaingang again. When my time was out I went back to Concord about the last of September, 1900, and took charge of my pool room. The man that I left in charge of my business while I was on the chaingang made me over \$200.00 profit while I was away. Then I took charge of my business and ran it a few weeks. I had become so hardened that I made up my mind to sell whiskey regardless of anything, even though they kept me on the road half of my time. I then ordered another supply of whiskey and beer, and kept on selling for about two months before they caught me again, as they were watching very closely, and on one Friday night late I got into a fight with some boys whom I had been selling whiskey to the same night. One of them came near killing me with a cue. I had to phone for a doctor to come and sew the cut place in my head, which cost me \$10.00 on the next day. Saturday they arrested me and the other boys and had us up before the mayor, which cost us \$10.00 and costs. The boys whom I had a fight with gave me away as to selling them whiskey, and the mayor had me arrested on the charge of selling, and found me guilty and bound me over to court under a \$200.00 bond. I put up a cash bond for the second time in Concord for the same offense. This happened about the last of November, 1900. I was tried in December and found guilty. The judge passed sentence this time to three months on the roads. I asked the judge if I could not pay a fine and not go on the road. He said no, that I had to serve my time out on the chain-gang as I had been selling whiskey long enough.

So I was locked up in jail until the following Monday morning, and then I was taken once more from this town to serve three more months on the road. When my time expired, about the last of February, 1901, and I came back to Concord, N. C., and continued on in business until I was taken up five different times, in all serving about sixteen or eighteen months on the road at hard labor, serving

last sentence and got out about the middle of December, 1902, with a clear profit of over \$1,600.00, and I decided to leave Concord.

So I sold out my pool room to Dr. Williams, who now runs the Concord Drug Store. He paid me \$200.00 cash and \$50.00 a month until balance was paid, amounting in all to \$800.00. I packed up my soda fountain, which I did not sell with the pool room, and shipped it to Rock Hill, S. C., where I sold it to C. W. Gregory for \$300.00, which he paid me \$25.00 cash and \$15.00 per month until same was paid for. After selling out everything I had I went to Monroe, N. C., with the intention of opening a pool room, but could not find a house suitable for the business, so I left there and went to Lumberton, N. C., to open up a pool room, but the town seemed to be stocked with pool tables, so I bought out a cool drink stand near the depot.

When I bought this business I fully intended opening another blind tiger, and after getting acquainted a little I put in an order for one case of corn whiskey from South Boston, Va. When the whiskey arrived I got it from the express office and carried it to my little cool drink stand and sold some of it, but before I could dispose of it all they caught up with me and put me under arrest, carried me before the mayor and convicted me, and the mayor gave me one week to sell out my little business and leave town, and I sold out and left, this being about the last of February, 1903.

I then went to Laurinburg, N. C., and opened up business and ordered two barrels of beer and labeled it The Black Brew. Also I ordered one case of whiskey. I was only there about thirty days selling blind tiger before I was caught again and taken up before the mayor and was convicted again and bound over to court under a \$50.00 bond. I stood my own bond by putting up the cash. I continued selling until court convened about the 1st of April, 1903. I was tried and convicted and was sentenced for thirty days, the court stating this being my first time in Laurinburg, N. C., he made the sentence as light as he could possibly do so. I served my thirty days out on the road, being kind of hardened to this, it never went so hard with me.

When my time expired I returned to Laurinburg—about the middle of May, 1903. I opened up business at the same stand, doing the same kind of business, but they watched me very close, and caught me again within thirty days. They had the shrewdest police at this place I ever came into contact with. So he carried me before the mayor again and I was tried and put under a \$100.00 bond this time. I put up the money for my bond and sold whiskey right on until July court, when I was tried and convicted again. The judge sentenced me to 60 days this time and told me he was going to double my sentence every time I came up before him. They locked me up in jail until the next Monday and then took me to the road, where I had been once before, to serve my 60 days, which I did, and got back to Laurinburg about the last of September, 1903. I opened

up again at the same stand, doing the same business. They ran up on me again before I could sell out my first order. The same policeman got me. I went through the same thing as heretofore, only the mayor put my bond to \$150.00. I stood my own bond again with the cash. I was tried about the 1st of October, 1903, by the same judge, and found guilty, and he sentenced me to four months, and told me he wanted this to be my last time to come before him, and wanted to know if I had any home, also wanted to know if I had any father and mother living. I told him yes. He told me then, why did I not go home and go to work and quit fooling with the blind tiger business.

When I served my four months out I got back to Laurinburg, N. C., about February 1st, 1904, went back to my same place, opened business, putting in small stock of groceries. In a few days I ordered one case of whiskey and one barrel of beer. I got the same and put it in my place of business. In about two days the police came to my place of business and told me the mayor said to go over to his office for a few minutes, he wanted to see me. I went over there with the police and the mayor said to me. I want to give you some advice, stating that this was a dry town and he intended to keep it dry, and "I will give you only ten days to sell what little mess of groceries you have and leave this town, and if you are not away from here inside of the ten days you will get in more trouble than you ever have been in before." So I sold out my stock and left for my home.

I stayed there for a few days only, but was never satisfied unless I was somewhere selling whiskey. So I went back to Clinton to rent me a place to do business. When the police found out I was going to open up business there again he would see to it that I should not open business in that town any more. So I gave up the house I had spoken for and left and went to Mount Olive, N. C., to buy out a party. Soon as the town authorities found out I intended going into business there they came to me and told me the best thing I could do would be for me to leave there "as we have heard too much about your reputation as a blind tiger dealer, and we are not going to allow any such business in this town." So I left on the first train for Durham.

I got to Durham about March 2, 1904, rented me a house near the N. & W. Railroad, next to the street car shed on Main street, went down town and bought me some fruit of all kinds, also went to the bottling works and bought some soft drinks in bottles, and had it all sent to my store I had rented. Then I ordered five barrels of beer from Danville, Va., and one case of whiskey from J. G. Patterson, South Boston, Va. When it arrived in a few days, I sent after same and had it put in my back door. I went down town and had me some labels printed "The Black Brew Tonic," and put on my beer bottles and sold it for about four months; also whiskey, and a man by the name of John Gates,

who clerked for R. E. Hurst & Co., whom I made believe this was my own patent, and he knew I was making money out of it by selling from five to seven barrels a week at 15 cents a bottle, and this man Gates wanted to know what I would take for my county right and leave town. I told him \$150.00. He told me alright, and gave me \$5.00 to confirm the trade. In a few days he paid me the other \$145.00. Then I left Durham for Wilson.

I reached Wilson about the first of July, 1904. I looked for a place to rent. Some one found out I wanted to open up a near-beer business, and he was selling it himself. He did not want any opposition to him. He knew me before and went to the mayor and told him that I was the worst blind tiger man in North Carolina, and the mayor refused to give me any license to sell any kind of drinks at all.

So I left Wilson for Goldsboro, N. C. Goldsboro had not been a dry town but a short while, so I rented me a place on John street, near the Postoffice, and I opened up business, buying out a man who was selling cider. I sold cider and other soft drinks for a short time and then I decided to order more whiskey and beer and I had a good trade and continued in business for nearly three months. About the middle of October, when the police became suspicious of my place and finally caught me about the last of October, 1904, and took me up before the mayor of the town and tried me for selling whiskey and beer. They had six or seven witnesses against me. They found me guilty and bound me over to the November term of court under a \$100.00 bond. I gave cash. I continued on in my business until court, when I was tried and convicted and sentenced to the chaingang for three months in Wayne County. I served my time out and came back to Goldsboro about the 1st of February, 1905. I opened up again in the same place and asked me was I selling this drink. I told him yes, two barrels of beer, and labeled the beer "The Black Brew Tonic." I sold on for about three weeks and one day the chief of police came in my place of business and went behind my counter and got a bottle of my beer, which was labeled "The Black Brew Tonic," and carried it over to the mayor. In a short time he came back and asked me was I selling this drink. I told him yes, I got it to sell. He told me the mayor said for me not to sell any more of it, if I did, he would have me arrested. As it was nothing more than beer I tried to work off what I had on hand on the sly. Every night when I lay on my bed I would study and plan how to fool the town on another beer drink. So I wrote to Robert Portner, Petersburg, Va., to ship me one barrel of lager brew which there could not be any revenue tax on. I put it in my store. I took the label off and put a label on called "Yellowade," my own get up. I put this up before the public on my shelves. Then I ordered me two barrels of pure beer with no label on it. Then I labeled this also "Yellowade," and showed it to him, and

asked him if it was against the law to sell this. He said open it and let's see how it tastes. Which I did. The chief of police came in my place. I took a bottle off my shelf. He told me if I could find anybody to buy such a mess as this, to sell all I wanted to. I kept the town fooled selling beer for "Yellowade" about four months. About the last of May the chief of police and mayor came in my place one day when there were three or four men in there drinking the pure beer that I had labeled "Yellowade." The police got hold of a bottle of it and tasted it and said it was pure beer, and asked the mayor to taste it, and he said the same thing. He told me I had been in enough trouble in this town, and if I did not leave here in three days he would arrest me and have me bound over to court. Then I sold out and left the town on the third day for Greensboro, N. C.

I arrived there about May 10th, 1905, and rented me a store house on Sycamore street. I then ordered me five barrels of beer and put it in my place and labeled it "The Black Brew Tonic." I wholesaled and retailed it out for about four months before the town authorities began to think there was any harm in it. The police went in a place where I had sold a barrel at wholesale and got a bottle of the Black Brew Tonic and sent it off to have it analyzed. In about three days after they came to my place of business and put me under arrest on Saturday night, and locked me up until Monday morning and notified the parties I had been selling this stuff to at wholesale to come up for the trial before the mayor. They found me guilty, but the parties I had been selling this to came clear, as they were fooled by me in buying it; but they put me under a \$200.00 bond and I lacked \$35.00 having enough money to stand my own bond. So they locked me up and I got a friend to phone my brother-in-law at Raleigh, N. C. He arrived at Greensboro the next morning about 6 o'clock. He came to the jail and talked to me and asked me what the trouble was. I told him I needed \$35.00 to put up a cash bond of \$200.00, that I only had \$165.00 myself. He let me have it. So I put up the bond and got out then. I went around trying to collect from the parties I had been selling to at wholesale. Then I left town, forfeiting my bond, and went to Charlotte, N. C.

I arrived at Charlotte about the last of September, 1905. I went out in suburbs of the city and rented me a store. Charlotte had just gone dry. I then went up town and bought a lot of canned goods and two kegs of cider and put in my store. Then I ordered me two cases of whiskey and two barrels of beer. The express wagon delivered it to me at my store. Then I began my blind tiger business in Charlotte, still labeling my beer "Black Brew Tonic." I sold here for about two months, and had a good trade, selling about five cases of whiskey and from five to seven barrels of beer a week. The last Saturday I was in town I sold two cases of whiskey and about three barrels of beer. I could have sold more if I had had it. So

I went to supper and started back to my store. I met a colored man who knew me; he told me not to go back to my store, as the chief of police and one more policeman were there waiting for me with a warrant to arrest me. So I thanked the negro very much. Then I turned and went back to my boarding house and sit there until good dark. The man whom I boarded with phoned for a wagon to come up and take my trunk to the depot. Then I went to the nearest car line and caught a car for the depot, and took the first train out for Statesville, N. C.

Next morning I went to the mayor of Statesville and asked him if I could sell The Black Brew Tonic in this town. He asked me my name. I told him. He said he had seen my name in the papers as a blind tiger dealer for over 25 times, and the best thing for me to do would be to catch the first train and leave this town. This was about December 1st, 1905.

So I left on the first train for Concord, N. C. When I got there I tried to buy a man out who was running a fruit stand and selling cigars and tobacco near depot, but did not make it on account of the police telling me I could not get any license in this town to do any kind of business at all.

So I left Concord that night for Fayetteville, N. C. The next day I went to the mayor of the city and asked him if I could sell a drink called The Black Brew Tonic. He asked me how much alcohol it contained. I told him about 2 per cent. He said if it did not contain more than two per cent of alcohol that I could sell it there. So I rented me a store about two blocks from the market house and opened up business and ordered two cases of whiskey and three barrels of beer, labeling the beer "The Black Brew Tonic," and sold it in this part of the city about three weeks. The man keeping next to me began to kick and one of them came to me and told me if I did not leave this part of town he was going to prove I was selling whiskey. So I looked around for another place and finally rented the chief of police's old office in the old market house. I sold there for about three months, whiskey and beer, until one day a preacher and the president of one of the banks saw me loading a wagon with empty beer bottles and walked up and said to me, "Your place smells like a public barroom," and said it should not be run any longer. So I asked them to give me just one week to move. They said they would see the mayor about it, and the mayor sent the chief of police back with them and told me they would give me one week to leave town. So I left and went to Hope Mills, N. C., seven miles from Fayetteville, and opened up in Hope Mills about April 1, 1906. I ordered one case of whiskey and one barrel of beer. I sold this out in a short time. I ordered more and continued to sell there for a month, when the mayor of the town wrote me a note and sent it by the police, telling me I had better leave town; if I did not he would have me arrested. So I moved out to No. 2 Cotton Mill, about one mile from town limits, and opened up on the public dirt road

in a little store house there. I ordered more whiskey and beer and then I hired a man by the name of Dave Williamson to run this place for me, and then I left there for Lumberton, N. C., again to open up another blind tiger. The mayor of the town found out I was there and sent the police to me, telling me I had been in trouble here before and the best thing I could do would be to leave town, and I left that night for Laurinburg, N. C., and as soon as the police saw me he told me the best thing was for me to get out of town at once, as they were not going to have any more trouble with me and I left on the first train for Hope Mills, N. C. The man I had working for me at that place told me if I would go over to Fayetteville and go right outside the city limits near three large cotton mills, business would be good. So I went over there and could not get a house and I went back over to my place near Hope Mills and told the man who was working for me I could not find any place to open up business in. He told me to get a horse and buggy and he would go with me and find a place over there. So we went and both of us failed to get a house, so we went back and he told me if he was in my place he would rent a small lot and build a little house on it, before he would be outdone. So we went back to Fayetteville to find out who owned those vacant lots. So I found the man who owned them and rented a half-acre of ground and put me up a little store house, 12x12, which cost me \$42.00. It was near two dwelling houses. On the first week I opened up, about twenty-five cotton mill boys came one Saturday night. All got drunk. They brought some whiskey with them and I sold them a lot of whiskey and beer, too. They all got to arguing and it finally ended in a big fight. I told them all to get out of my place and leave from around my door. They all picked up a lot of empty beer bottles and blew out my lights and began throwing them at me and breaking them all up side of my store. I hid behind a beer barrel. I expected to be killed any minute. When things got a little quiet I slipped to the door and bolted it, then they began throwing bricks against my store, cursing me to everything. The people living near came out to my store and told me to open my door and I would not open it for some time, until they told me who they were and that I should not be hurt. Then I opened my door and they said to me that they wanted to give me my orders to leave there by Monday at 12 o'clock. I told them that I was not going to be run off and had as much money as they had to stand a lawsuit. So they went to my boarding house and called him out and told him that they were surprised at him, being a sanctified man, and boarding a man who he knew was selling blind tiger whiskey. So when I went there to go to bed he told me I had to look for another boarding place, because the people around here were getting down on him for boarding me, as people were lying around my place drunk all the time. On Sunday morning I went down to my other place near Hope Mills, through the snow about eight inches deep. This was about the middle of December,

1906. When I got there the man who was working for me there told me to go get Bill Smith and take him back with me over near Fayetteville to my place and run that place or die. So I took Bill Smith back with me Monday morning and opened up business. The parties who had told me to leave there by Monday at 12 o'clock, came out and told Bill Smith they were surprised at him working with a blind tiger man like me. But we went right on selling it, and the next day about 12 o'clock went to Fayetteville and swore out papers against me for selling beer and whiskey, and being a nuisance to the community. The deputy sheriff came out to my place and arrested me and Bill Smith, carried us before a justice of the peace and tried us that day about 3 o'clock. I had three of the best lawyers in the city to defend me. They tried me for selling whiskey and found me guilty. They had seventeen witnesses. They put me under a \$200.00 bond. I put up the money for my bond. I also stood Bill Smith's bond of \$100.00, put up the cash for it. They tried me for a public nuisance on Friday after my trial for whiskey business, and found me guilty and put me under a \$300.00 bond for that. I could not give the bond that day, so my lawyers and sheriff went with me to the telegraph office, so I could telegraph Concord Citizen's Bank for the \$300.00 in money, and I gave the sheriff \$5.00 to sit up with me that night until I could hear from my wire for the money. Next morning about 9 o'clock my lawyers and the sheriff went with me to the telegraph office and my lawyer asked for a telegram for G. L. Smith. They gave him the telegram. He read it—stated my check was good for that amount of money and more, too. So my lawyer wrote out a check on the Bank and I signed it, and then they turned me loose. I then went across the county bridge and opened another business about two miles from where I was indicted on the public road. In a few days the sheriff found out that I was out there; and sent me word that I had better leave from there; that he would come out and get me again. So I packed up what I had and sent over to my place near Hope Mills, where I had a man running a business there for me. I had three barrels of beer coming to me at Fayetteville, so I stayed around my place near Hope Mills until it arrived at Fayetteville. I then got a horse and wagon and went after it; also found one case of whiskey there for me. I got it and started back. When I was about a mile from town I opened the whiskey and took out a pint and went to drinking on it. When I began to feel the effects of it, I opened a barrel of beer and drank five or six bottles and finished the pint of whiskey. I was then getting pretty drunk. When I was in a mile of my place I was trotting the horses down a hill near the creek bridge. They were going very fast, and the more I pulled the faster they went, and the lines broke. They ran away and tore up the wagon, throwing the whiskey and beer out, breaking nearly all of it. I went to get out and fell in the wheels; came very near getting killed. The horses went on home. The man who owned the horses went

out looking for the wagon, and found it by the side of the road, broken all to pieces. He began to look for me and found the beer and whiskey all along the road, and found me near the creek bridge nearly dead. I could not walk. I told him to tell the man who was working for me to send or come after me. In about an hour he came after me in a buggy and took me to my boarding house. I had sent after a doctor. That night he came and bound up my arm and leg, which was swollen twice normal size. There was a splinter in my arm as long as my finger. It was nearly three weeks before I was able to get out any at all, and when I got able to get around I decided to sell out my business to the man who was working for me, which I did—and left for Goldsboro about January 20th, 1907.

I there rented a store on John street near where I had done business before. I opened up my blind tiger again and ran it for about sixty days. There came two men in my place the last Saturday night I was in Goldsboro. They said they worked at the iron foundry. They both got beastly drunk and both went in my back room and lay down and slept until nearly daybreak Sunday morning. Their wives were out looking for them Sunday morning by daylight. They asked me had I seen anything of them. I told them no. They went to the police to find out if they knew anything about them. He told them no. The policeman said to the women that maybe they were in my place. So the police came over to me and told me to open my door, which I did and he went back in the rear of my store and found them laying down asleep. The police waked them up and said, "What are you doing in here? Did this man get you drunk?" They said, "I do not know." Police made them get up and go home with their wives. Their wives said they had nothing to eat at home, and I knew they had spent all their money they made the week before for whiskey. When Monday morning came they had me up before the mayor, and these two men as witnesses against me for selling them whiskey for a good many times before this. They found me guilty and put me under a \$100.00 bond. I gave a cash bond and sold out my business to a barbecue man, and left Goldsboro for Fayetteville to attend a court the first week in April, 1907, where I was under a cash bond for \$600.00, \$500.00 for myself and \$100.00 for Bill Smith. We stood trial and were convicted and fined \$150.00 each and costs, all amounting to \$420.00, which left me \$180.00, I having already paid my lawyers \$110.00 out of my pocket, this making my blind tiger business around Hope Mills and Fayetteville cost me \$530.00.

So I left Fayetteville about the middle of April, 1907, for Charlotte, N. C. I opened another blind tiger near the place I was at before in Charlotte. I went down town and bought some fruits, a few canned goods and soft drinks. I then made an order for five barrels of beer and two cases of whiskey—80 pints. When it arrived the express wagon delivered it to me at my back door. I run the business for about five weeks. The last Sunday I was in town one

of my customers came to my boarding house and begged me to go down to my shop and let him have something to drink. I did not want to go, but he insisted so hard I went down, and he slipped in at the back and let him have one pint of whiskey and four bottles of beer. during that time a crowd began shaking the door, trying to get in, and I let my customers in, all whom I took to be my friends. About the time they got to drinking some one on outside phoned uptown for the police. Two police came to my place and tried to open the door. I peeped out and saw they were policemen, and I would not open the door. They left the door for a while. Thinking they were gone, I opened the door and let the crowd out, and I locked up and started back to my boarding place. The police came out from behind a corner and took me in charge, and we took the car line uptown, where they locked me up until Monday morning. And they took me before the mayor, where they had six or eight witnesses against me for selling whiskey. I sent out and employed a lawyer to defend me. They had two cases against me, one for selling on Sunday and one for running a regular blind tiger business. They tried the Sunday case first, and convicted me and fined me \$10.00 and costs. Then they tried me for selling whiskey and beer, found me guilty and put me under \$200 bond. I put up my money for the bond and went back to my business and commenced selling again. The same policeman came to me and told me if I did not close my place up he would take me down town and have me locked up again. So I decided to pack up and leave town and jump my bond. This was about the last of May, 1907.

I went back to Concord, N. C., again. Thought I would open up there once more. But they ran me out of town before I could even get a chance to rent me a house.

So I left and went back to Greensboro and opened up there for the third time and rented me a house from the same man and near the same place I did there before. This was about the 1st of June, 1907. I sold beer and whiskey this time for about six weeks, my business being better than ever before, selling from ten to twelve barrels of beer a week and five and six cases of whiskey—about 40 pints to the case. They caught me after only being there six weeks and had me up before the mayor and could not prove anything at this time. But on the next Saturday evening about 3 o'clock the mayor of the town and the chief of police walked into my place of business, where there was a large crowd in there drinking and cutting up very noisily. They searched my place, finding something over three barrels of beer, but never found my whiskey. About that time it seemed to me every policeman in Greensboro was coming in my place; also lot of other people. The chief of police and the mayor were in my back room talking together. Soon they came to me and told me they would have to put me under a \$200.00 bond for my appearance Monday morning, and they took what beer I had on hand. I put on my coat and acted like I was getting ready to go

with them to the lock-up. I went to the door and looked around to see which way to run. Soon as I got a chance I jumped out of my door and ran to first corner and turned down to next corner, and run faster than I have ever before or since, as every policeman in town was after me; but I outrun the whole police force. After getting out on edge of town I ran through a little field, coming to a fence that looked like about ten or twelve feet high. I went over it without any trouble. If at any other time, I hardly think I could have gotten over it in fifteen minutes. I kept going as fast as I could until I came to a place called negro town and went into a blind tiger and drank several bottles of beer and got me a pint of rye whiskey. I was talking to the blind tiger negro, telling him my troubles. He told me to hang around his place until 12 o'clock that night and he would take me to the depot in his top buggy, so I could catch the first train out of town; and about that time I looked and saw two police coming. I started to run and they took out their guns and told me to halt and they came up and arrested me. They said, "You were fixing to give us another race?" So they carried me about three hundred yards and they had a hack there waiting for them. We all got in the hack and drove back to town, and they carried me to the police and the chief of police spoke to me, saying he was glad to see me back. They locked me up until Monday morning, and took me before the mayor, and tried me and found me guilty, put me under a \$200.00 bond. I would not give the bond so they put me in the county jail for about three hours. I saw I could not get the bond down any, and I gave them a check for \$200.00 on the National Bank of Greensboro. Soon as they found the check was good they turned me out of jail. This was about the first of August, 1907, when I left Greensboro for Durham, forfeiting my bond.

I rented me a house on Main street, near the street car shed. I then went down town and bought about \$50.00 worth of fruit and canned goods. I ordered five barrels of beer and two cases of whiskey—80 pints. As I had been to Durham before I knew lots of the boys who drank, so I ran the business by myself about one month. A man kept coming to my place regular, wanting me to hire him to help me sell my whiskey, and beer; said he knew most everybody in town. His name was Reuben Smith. I hired him, paying him \$2.50 per day. Then I sold from eight to ten cases of whiskey a week—40 pints to the case; also sold from eight to ten barrels of beer a week, labeled "Yellowade." I ran this up to about the 20th of December, 1907. One morning I took my horse and wagon and drove down to the express office to get three barrels of beer and five cases of whiskey. As I came back to my place I saw two policemen standing at my door waiting for me with a warrant against me. I began to unload my wagon. They said, "You need not unload your wagon; we will take charge of what you have in it." They got up in my wagon and told me to get up, and they would take me with what was in the wagon. So they drove on down to the mayor's of-

fice. The mayor put me under a \$200.00 bond until the next morning. I put up the money for my bond. I took my horse and wagon back to my place. They took what I had in the wagon, but I had some more on hand in my store. So I kept on selling it, sending off another order that same evening for more beer and whiskey. And the same night I drove out to a blockade still, three miles from town, and got five gallons and brought back with me. Next morning the mayor found me guilty and put me under a \$100.00 bond and gave me back my other \$100.00. I kept on selling until the January court, 1908, during which time Reuben Smith also was caught and put under a \$200.00 bond. So I put up the money for his bond. About three days later the revenue officer got me for the same offense the town had me for. They carried me before the United States commissioner and put me under a \$200.00 bond. I would not give it right then, so they locked me up in the Durham county jail for about three days. I was studying a plan to get out. So I decided to come off of Reuben Smith's bond and get out and let them lock Reuben up, which they did. In a few days Reuben's father went on his bond and Reuben left town. Then I continued selling whiskey and beer until January court when they tried me and convicted me and passed sentence, giving me six months on the road at hard labor. My lawyer got up and told the judge I had an awful case of catarrh of the head. So the judge sent me to jail and had a doctor go there to examine me. The doctor examined me the same day and reported to the judge that I had the worst case of catarrh of the head he ever saw; did not see how I could live unless something was done for me. Next day the judge sent for me and said to me if I would leave the county and never come back again he would make my sentence \$50.00 and cost, which I paid and left Durham in five days after getting out of this trouble, with orders never to come back to Durham. This was about the last of January, 1908.

I went from there to Raleigh, N. C., stayed there about three days and rented me a place on Duke corner in the rough part of the city. I opened up a blind tiger there for about one month, made my order for beer and whiskey, and did a good business in Raleigh, waiting for my case to come up in the United States Court, which I gave bond in Durham to appear at Raleigh in February for blockading in Durham. My case was tried in United States Court. I was found guilty on Friday and they put me in jail that day and kept me there one week. During that time my lawyer from Durham came to Raleigh and got up and made a talk for me to the judge, telling him my condition and affliction. The judge told my lawyer if I would leave the State of North Carolina within thirty days he would set me free without any cost. Then the judge sent for me from the jail to go into the court house; he wanted to talk to me. He said to me, "If you will leave the State of North Carolina, I will let you go free." I thanked him and told him I would leave as soon as I could get a little business straight, as a party in Durham owed me one

hundred dollars and I wanted to stop there and collect it. I was on my way to Charleston, S. C., and stopped over in Durham to collect my money. I went up to my old boarding house and spent the night. Next morning I went to the party who owed me the hundred dollars to collect it. He gave me a check for the money. I went down from there to the depot to catch a train for Charleston S. C., which was due in about thirty minutes. I was getting ready to get a ticket and check my baggage, when a policeman walked up and saw me. He hurried off after the sheriff and got him and came back to the depot and placed me under arrest and said to me, "Did not the judge tell you never to come back to Durham again, and he left it open for me to take you up if I ever saw you here and put you on the county roads for six months. He then took me to jail and locked me up. That same evening they sent me out to the convict camp on the county roads for six months hard labor. I served my time out and was turned loose about the fourth of August, 1908. I came back to Durham and took a general cleaning, bought me some nice clothes, went around to a blind tiger and took several drinks of whiskey and drank a lot of beer. I got pretty full and they locked me up in the guard house. Next morning I was up before the mayor and he fined me \$10.00 and costs. So I left town and went to Raleigh to see my brother-in-law for a few days. Then I left Raleigh for home about the 10th of August, 1908, and stayed there for a few days and went to turkey, N. C., a small town about four miles from my home, and opened up a cold drink stand, ordered me two barrels of beer and labeled it "Yellowade." I could not make enough there to pay rent and board, so I left there and went to Goldsboro about the middle of September, 1908, and went to the mayor and told him I had a new drink called "Mead," that there was no harm in and was sold in all dry towns. He told me if it was nothing more than water that I could not open business any more in this town, and told me to leave town on first train or he would have me arrested, that my reputation was enough and he did not want any such men in our city, like me, and for me to go home and go to work.

So I left Goldsboro for New Bern, N. C., about the 10th of September, 1908, and as soon as I got off the train I met a friend of mine from near my home. He was working insurance. He knew my business then, and told me this was a good town for me. So I looked around town and came across a man by the name of Brinson selling a drink called "Mead." He offered to sell out to me and I bought him out, paying him about \$40.00. I took charge of the business and ordered five barrels of beer and two cases of whiskey. I labeled the beer "Mead," and ran this business up to the last of December, 1908. On the last Saturday in December about 9 o'clock, I was very near drunk myself and did not know what I was doing. A policeman walked over to my place and told me that I was too drunk to do business and I had better close up and go to my boarding house. I told him I was paying rent for this house and would close up when

I got ready. So he came in my place and took me by the arm and led me out and told me he was going to take me to the lock up. I told him if he was man enough to do it. He tried to carry me and I would not go, so he called for a hack that was close by and he made the hack driver help get me in the hack. They both could not get me in, so they called for more help and before they could get me in the hack I threw the policeman over my head. He got up and struck me twice on my head. I grabbed him and tore his collar and tie off. Finally they got me in the hack and took me to police station, but on the way I kicked the dashboard off and broke the buggy whip. During the time I lost my false teeth, but they finally locked me up. I lay down and went to sleep. When I waked up I did not know where I was at. On Sunday morning the man whom I boarded with came down to see me. I told him to find out from the mayor how much bond I would have to give to be turned out. He came back and told me \$10.00. I gave the man \$10.00 to put up for me. Then the chief of police came and let me out. Monday morning I stood trial, and was found guilty of being drunk and disorderly, fine and costs amounting to \$8.65. The mayor gave me a week in which to leave town. He said that he knew that I was selling whiskey, but if I would leave town he would not bother me, so I left town about the middle of January, 1909, and came to my home for a few days and left for Clinton, N. C., about eleven miles from my home.

I opened up here a candy business again, also sold a drink called "Mead," but it was beer and only labeled "Mead," up to July 15, 1909. The town put a tax of \$500.00 for selling this stuff, so I sold out my business and left there for Mount Olive, N. C., to open up a near-beer saloon. The police told me I had to go back to Clinton and get six good men to sign a paper showing I had never sold anything intoxicating, also that I had been a straightforward man. I knew I could not do that, so I left Mount Olive for Wilson, N. C.

I went to the mayor of Wilson for license to sell "Mead." He asked me my name. I told him, and he said he did not want me to open any kind of business in that town, as he had heard of me before. I left Wilson for Rocky Mount, N. C., but could not get any house there. So I left for Tarboro, and went to see the mayor, and asked him what the license was for selling near-beer. He told me I could not get any license unless I could give good recommendation. I knew I could not do that, so I left there for New Bern, N. C., and rented a place on Broad street, opened a blind tiger business and ordered two barrels of beer, one case of whiskey and a barrel of near-beer. This was about the 1st of August, 1909. I only ran this business about one week. The same policeman that I gave so much trouble when I was there before came to me and told me I could not do business in this town again, said he would give me until Friday night to close out and leave town. I told him I had a license to sell near-beer for three months. He said he would see that I got my money back for my license. So we

went around to the city tax collector and he gave me my money back and I stayed there about ten days on a big drunk. I and another man. I went home with this man one night. Both drunk. Next morning we went down town, found a blind tiger and both got drunk again. I went out to the river bank and lay down under some trees, so the police would not get me. Lay there for half a day. If it had not been for a colored man passing by I would have rolled in the river when I waked up. I had no hat at all. So I sent the man uptown to buy me a cap. We both got up and went to his home and spent the night, and the next few days I sobered up, and left for Washington, N. C.

I went to the mayor and asked him what license was on near-beer. He said \$25.00 a year. He asked my name, and I told him, and he looked at me and said, "You can't get any license here for any price, as we know your reputation as a blind tiger man."

So I left there for Greenville, N. C., got there at 8 o'clock at night, had a valise in my hand. I met the chief of police in front of the postoffice. I asked him what license was for selling near-beer in the town and he said \$50.00 a year. He asked my name. I told him. He said no strange man could get license there. He said, "I'll bet you have that valise full of whiskey now," and if I was not careful that I would be arrested before I could get out of town. "You look like a blind tiger man; You look like you are drunk now." So next morning I left there for Kinston, N. C.

This was about the 15th of September, 1909. I went to see the mayor of Kinston and asked him if he would allow me to sell near-beer in that town and what was the license. He said license was \$25.00 a year. He asked me my name, and where I was from. I told him. He said to me, "You are the one who has been in so much trouble in nearly every town in the State." I told him I reckoned I was. So he said it was nearly train time, and that it would be best for me to get on it and leave. So I left on first train for Durham, N. C.

When I got there I went to see the mayor, and asked him if I could sell near-beer called "Mead." He said, "Are you the man that our last mayor before me ran off from here and you came back and they caught and put on the road for six months?" I told him yes. "So you had better leave at once." But I got on a drunk and did not go that day. So they got me for being drunk and locked me up about 11 o'clock. They turned me out that evening about 5 o'clock on a \$10.00 bond. I got with an old friend and we went out to the park and we got drunk and to cutting up all over the park. The park police came and arrested me and carried me back to town and locked me up in jail. Next morning they tried me for both cases and fined me \$10.00 and costs in each case. So I left Durham and came back to my old home.

This was about the 20th of September, 1909. I stayed home for two days and went to Clinton and made candy for about one month.

I also sold whiskey and beer and quit the business and came home the last of October, 1909, and decided that I would never again sell anything intoxicating or drink any. The last time I was on the county roads of Durham about two weeks after I had been there I had an awful dream. I dreamed I was dead and falling through the earth. It seemed to me to have been natural. I was going down underneath the earth and finally I came to a large opening. It looked like a large ocean, only it was walled up with brick so high I could not see over it. The walls were red hot and I thought I was in Hell. but I was not in the burning part, and I looked across the large opening and saw a man coming from the burning part of Hell; looked like he would weigh 300 pounds. He was black as tar, his eyes looked like they were as big as a cup and red as fire; he was the meanest looking man I ever saw. He asked me what I was doing there. I told him I was sent there for selling whiskey. He said there were more people in Hell for selling whiskey and drinking than any other class. I asked him who he was and he said the Devil. He said he was the man that you heard so much talk about. He pointed to the bottom pit of Hell, saying, "You see that man across over there in the bottom part of Hell?" I said "Yes." He said he was there for being a drunkard, and that other one by his side is there for selling whiskey. He took me to another place and showed me where he had another chained down in the very bottom pit of Hell for selling, blockading and drinking whiskey. Then he called his angel to him and told him here was another whiskey man to put in the hottest place he had. About this time I waked. I decided then never to fool with whiskey again. I dreamed something like this for several times. I asked him when my time would be out, and he said there was no end; there always.

The last whiskey selling I did was in Clinton, N. C., in the month of October, 1909. On the night of the 27th of October I dreamed the same thing over again. So the next morning I threw all I had on the ground and made up my mind never to fool with whiskey again or anything else intoxicating, and to live a better life the remaining days here on earth. I know a man near Anderson, Ill., who is a farmer. No one but he and his mother, he was a drunkard. The last drunk he got on he stayed drunk for three months. One morning while on this spree he drove out to the town and went to the barroom and spent all the money he had with him. He went back home about 12 o'clock. His mother was cooking dinner. He asked his mother for some money. She said, "Sam have you spent what you had this morning?" He said, "Yes." His mother had \$260.00 tied around her neck; also some diamond rings on her fingers. He begged his mother to give him the money and rings, but she would not do it. So he left her and went in another room and got a hammer and came back and slipped up behind his mother while she was cooking. He struck her on the head, killing her. He then took the money and rings, while she was dying. He left her and drove back

to town and went into the same barroom, drinking and spending the money he had taken from his poor old mother. Two policemen came in and arrested him and told him he had killed his mother. He was so drunk he did not know anything about it until next morning, until they told him about it again while in the lockup. He then fainted. They tried him for murder and sent him to the penitentiary for life.

Once while in Durham I knew a man named John Hodges, the first man ever hung in that county. He was hung February 8th, 1907. He was a first-class carpenter. He got on a drunk one Saturday night and went home. His wife was in bed asleep. He took her by the hair of the head and dragged her out on the floor and took his gun out and shot her twice, killing her dead. His only son tried to keep him from killing his mother, so he shot at him, but missed him. He did this just because his wife got after him for coming home drunk. He then went down to the railroad and sat down, and the police came up and arrested him. He asked the police what he had done. He told him, "You have killed your wife." He said, "If that is so I will give up, but I do not know anything about it." After he was condemned to be hung I went with his boy to the jail several times to see him. He asked his boy to promise him never to drink a drop of whiskey, "for I don't want you to get in trouble like this, for whiskey has caused all of this."

During all my trouble while fooling with whiskey, selling and making and drinking it, I have been locked up 208 times. I have also been run out of 64 towns, first and last, and have been ordered to leave North Carolina four times. Have been on the chaingang 23 times during all of my sixteen years of trouble with whiskey. I have not got sixteen dollars today. That should prove to all my readers that money gotten in this way, selling whiskey, never does any one good besides all the trouble it causes and the sins committed. But I trust all that read this book will forgive me and I trust the good Lord will forgive me, as I intend to lead a better life in the future. Remember, life is short, and if we spend it in sin we can never call it back. What good would it be to gain the whole world and then lose your own soul? If I had only taken my father's and mother's advice I would have been worth thousands of dollars today, where it is now I am not worth anything. And also lost my health from exposure while on chaingang and dissipating. Also have catarrh so bad in the head I have almost lost my voice and cannot hear good. Many a night have I lay awake on my bed expecting the police to come after me. I trust that all who may read this book will be benefited thereby and never lead the life I have; then I will not regret the sixteen years of my life spent in trouble, knowing I have done others good by writing this little book of my life.

While I was in jail in Raleigh, N. C., there came in some Christian women one Sunday afternoon. One of them asked me what I was in there for. I told her the revenueurs had me for selling whis-

key. She reached through the bars and took my hand, and said she had a boy who was in the penitentiary for life, and who was only seventeen years old, and that whiskey was what caused him to be there. He got mad with his father and left home when he was only fifteen years old, and he had been gone two years before he was sent to the penitentiary in South Carolina. He took up with bad company one night about 9 o'clock and went into a blind tiger and took one drink, and it went to his head so quick that he did not know what he was doing. He got into a fight and cut a man to death. And when the police came to arrest him they found the bloody knife in his hand. They found him guilty and sentenced him to the penitentiary for life.

This good lady told me if I ever got out of jail, for her sake and mine, never have anything more to do with whiskey, that one drink had caused her life to be wrecked like it was over her dear boy, and that many nights she couldn't sleep for thinking about where her boy was. She held on to my hand and talked and cried and said if she could only recall the time when in his youth she could lay his head on her breast, she would give the whole world. So nine troubles out of ten are caused by whiskey. When I was in Greensboro jail I saw a man in there named Freeman, who was put in there for murdering his wife, and sentenced to be hung. He told me he was going to have a new trial. He said that he came home drunk one night and his wife was gone to bed. He dragged her out by the hair of the head, and broke her left arm, then pulled out his pistol and shot her through the heart. The police then came in and arrested him and carried him to the jail. And the day I was put in jail his children came to see him. I heard him tell his oldest boy to promise him that he would never have anything to do with whiskey in no way, shape or form. "You can see that whiskey is the only thing that has caused my trouble; my wife died on the floor and I have got to die on the rope." He said he could see that whiskey had caused all his trouble.

A man by the name of Tom Walker, in Fayetteville, N. C., killed two policemen. He was running a blind tiger, and the policemen came in with a warrant for him one Saturday night. He was drunk and shot them as they came in the door. The day he was hung he made one hour's talk to the public, and told them that whiskey was what caused the end of his life; and said that he wanted to give them warning to never drink it or sell it or make it; that it will get anybody into trouble that has anything to do with it. He said: "Today I've got to die, and all of you out there free." And said he would give this whole world if he could call back the time and be free like they were. "If I could I would promise you all to lead a different life. There is not any man living that knows my feelings today. If I had only taken my mother's advice, I would not have to die on this rope. Last night I rolled from one side of my pallet to the other, thinking of the advice my mother had given

me." There was a man in Charlotte, N. C., who had served twenty years in the penitentiary in Texas for murdering a policeman. He boarded at the same place I did, and we were in our room one night. I was telling him about the troubles I had been to about whiskey. He took hold of my hand, with tears in his eyes, and told me that he had been in trouble for twenty years on account of whiskey. He said he got drunk one day in LaGrange, Texas., and that he had a bad reputation for drinking, and the time the police went to arrest him he asked them would they take him to his friends to see if they would stand his bond. While they were walking along together the policeman asked him if his mother and father were living. He told him his father had been dead for over five years, and that his mother was living. The policeman told him that his mother wasn't much or she would look after him better than she had, he being only eighteen years old. He asked the policeman not to repeat those words again about his dear old mother. So the policeman repeated the words. He knocked him down and jumped on him and took his pistol and shot him through the head. He was then taken to the LaGrange jail. The court found him guilty and sentenced him to the penitentiary for twenty years. The devil was in him so much he made up his mind he was not going to work. He was then sent to the whipping bench and they took his trousers down. The boss had one of the guards to put thirty-nine hard licks on him and turned him over and put the same on the other side. The captain then asked him if he was willing to go to work. He said he would die first, and that he would be better off. So he was tied and taken out in the hot sun and let lay there all day, and when night came the boss had him whipped again. He was put in a mad cage until he decided to work. But many nights he lay awake thinking of the advice his mother gave him, and he would nearly go crazy thinking of home. One night the guards took him out and whipped him at 2 o'clock. But until he decided to go to work he didn't get anything to eat but dry bread and water. Many nights he had lay and cried, thinking of what his mother had told him, and that whiskey had caused all his trouble.

I hope this little book will teach you all a lesson about whiskey. No one can listen to his mother's advice too much, because she rocked your cradle when you couldn't rock it yourself, and she would answer to your call when no one else would, for she is the only friend you have on earth, and when she dies you can tell her good-bye at the grave and say that the best friend you have is gone. Then sorrow will come and many a friend will, but your mother will never come. Many nights I have slept on my pallet when I was on the chaingang, thinking of what my poor old mother had told me. When I would get ready to leave home, she would tell me not to drink or sell anything intoxicating. At last I have made up my mind never to drink or sell anything intoxicating. Many men say they can't quit whiskey, but it is all because they don't want to. I

have said the same thing, but I have made up my mind to not let anything intoxicating go through my lips, on the 27th day of October, 1909, and I don't have any taste for it at all. There is no man that can't quit if he will make up his mind. I knew a man from my neighborhood who has always been a drunkard until about a year ago, and he has been to Keeley at Greensboro, N. C., eight times, and that never did him any good, only a short while at a time. One night he was thinking of the troubles whiskey had caused him, and he made up his mind never to drink another drop, and that he was going to listen to his mother and his wife. So he hasn't drunk anything since. So the way to quit is to get right with God, make up your mind never to touch another drop. You see whiskey will make you wear ragged clothes and bring you down to the dogs, so that people won't respect you, and will cause many a man's children to cry for bread, and besides it will make you fill a drunkard's grave. Then you will have many a friend to go by your grave and say to each other that man died a drunkard. When he was living he used to come home drunk and whip his wife and children.

Now, if every one who reads this book will make up their minds never to have anything to do with whiskey, I would never regret my sixteen years of trouble. Whiskey is a dangerous thing, and it will make a man do things that he will be sorry for forever. Every day we pass one day toward our grave and eternity. To every boy: Don't never drink anything that will make you drunk. Did you ever think of one thing? Whenever a man takes a drink of whiskey, he is drinking the old devil's blood. It goes to show that it is the devil's blood, because when a man gets drunk the old devil rises up in him. To all children, obey your parents. God will bless you for it. Get right with God. Take your mother's advice, because she is the best friend you have. No one can listen to his mother's advice too much, because she rocked your cradle when you couldn't rock it yourself, and she would answer to your call when no one else would, for she is the only friend you have on earth, and when she dies you can tell her good-bye at the grave, and say that your best friend on earth is gone. Then sorrow will come, and many a friend will come, but your mother will never come, unless you get right with God and meet her in heaven, where you will be forever happy; then that will be worth more than this whole world is. Get right with God, and remember mother's prayers. Amen.

TO EVERY POOR SOUL.

Get right with God. Your life is short here on earth.

Little children, always obey your parents, and do not drink anything that will make you drink many times. Your father and mother may tell you to do things, then you think you can't, but if you ever come to be a convict and have boss men over you and have to come and go when they call you, you can't get up and say you can't, because you have to go or be whipped nearly to death.

TO EVERY MOTHER'S CHILD.

Things that lead you to hell: Unbelief and Sabbath breaking, and lying, and stealing, and fancy millinery, and cigarettes, and tobacco, and whisky, and pool, and dancing, and card playing, and cursing, and loafing. Are you hit? Any one of these things are stepping stones to hell. I have tried it myself but now I am living a Christian life. Now it is so much better to live for God than it is to live for the devil, for God so loved the world that He gave His only Begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Are you saved? If not, get right with God. Every day that passes over our head is one day nearer the next world which will be eternity—that means forever and ever. Like a wheel, it has no end to it. There is no rest in hell, day or night. I only wish I had my voice. I could tell some poor soul something about God. I lost my voice by having catarrh of my head so bad, and can't taste anything, and can't smell anything. I can't hear out of but one ear. It was all caused by catarrh. My doctor said I can't live long in this fix. It is now turning to consumption. He said if I would go South where the weather is warm I would get well of it; so I am selling the little book to get money to pay my way South. I am on my way now. But one. God will bless you in all your works. I can't preach any on account of my voice, so I will preach my sermon to myself and put it in my little book. I sure hope this sermon will get you all closer to God than you ever have been before. I hope this will cause some poor soul to be saved from hell. I thank God I am living a Christian life. O I find it so happy to live for God. O if you saved your poor soul from hell then you would have made more than the rich men have, because you have gained your poor soul for the next world, and the rich men have gained the world and lost his own soul. Then when you die you have no more sorrow, and no more pain, and no more troubles—it all having passed away, and God will bless you, if you only get right with him. Remember mother's prayer. Amen!

Just think how hard it is to be put in the jail for a little while.

That is bad enough. Suppose you had to spend eternity in hell, then what. O that is something to think about. Join the church and go try it and lead a Christian life; God will help you. Don't work for the devil any more. God bless you. Amen!

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

This is the road you will travel, my boy, if you don't mend your ways. If you follow this road out to the end, in hell you will open your eyes. Any man can stop drinking if he will try. If you can't make up your mind to stop drinking, there is one way you can stop, that is get right with God. Amen!

Get right with God and lead a Christian life. It is so much better life to live. I am selling this little book that shows you how bad I have been, and God has cleansed me from it all. By leading a bad life and hardships of life, it has given me a bad case of eatarrrh of the head and stomach. My doctor said my eatarrrh is turning to consumption now.

I am trying to do something for God and people's poor souls. One soul saved from hell is worth more than ten thousand worlds. There is no rest in hell day or night. O get right with God. There is no end to eternity. You can't get too close to God. I only wish I had my voice to talk and preach to some of the poor souls going to get lost. I would be so happy then, if I could only talk. The reason why I lost my voice I got eatarrrh of my head and throat and stomach so bad I can't hear out of but one ear, not much out of the other ear. Also I can't taste anything, and I can't smell anything at all. Also I lost all my teeth by having eatarrrh so bad. I have been to Baltimore, Md., to hospital for treatment. They could not do me any good at all. The doctor said I had eatarrrh worse than anybody he ever saw. He said he could not see how I could be living. He said I could not live long in this fix. He said if I go away out South I would get well. I want you good people to buy a book from me, so I can go out South to put me up an honest business until I get good and well of my eatarrrh. I hope every one will buy one to help me along. God bless you for it. I will pray that this book will get you right with God. Amen. Remember mother's prayers.

TO ALL MOTHERS' CHILDREN.

Don't you want your poor soul to go to heaven when you die? When you get there you never will have any more troubles, and never have any more sorrow and never any more pain. Your troubles and pain and sorrow are all over there. You will be forever

happy, and there will never be any end to this happy home. To my dear boy: Did you ever think it over when you are working for this happy home? Then you are not looking for any trouble here on earth; then see when you go by this one law of God, you are going by all the laws.

To everybody: Don't drink anything that will make you drunk. Try to be somebody. You can be somebody or you can be nobody. You can be just what you want to be. If you take your poor old parent's advice you can be somebody. Then everybody will think something of you. A good name is better than great riches. What good is it to be rich? Nobody don't think anything of you. You can be a Christian here on earth and have everybody think something of you, then go to heaven when you die. Try a Christian's life, then you will see how happy it is.

THE BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little way to me,
Across to that strange eountry, the Beyond;
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond;
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies that, when my sight is clear,
I think I see the brightly gleaming strand;
I know, I feel that those who've gone from here
Come near enough to touch my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven round about us lies.

I can not make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about,
I love this world, yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand about a bier and see
The seal of death set on some well-loved face,
But that I think, one more to welcome me
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there—
One more to make the strange beyond seem fair.

And so for me, there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing, with a bated breath
And white, set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

THE CHILD OF A KING.

My Father is rich in houses and lands;
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands:
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full—He has riches untold.

Chorus:

I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King!
With Jesus, my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King!

My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men,
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of men;
But now He is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home in heav'n by and by.

Chorus:

I once was an outcast, a stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice and an alien by birth;
But I've been adopted, my name's written down—
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

Chorus:

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there.
Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

Chorus:

THE SAVED MAN'S DYING TESTIMONY.

I will bid you all good-bye,
For they say that I must die.

That my stay on earth can not be very long.
With the cleansing blood applied,
Soon I'll cross the mystic tide,
To a land of love, and light, and joy, and song.

Chorus :

Good-bye, good-bye, I am going up to glory there to stay,
My Redeemer I shall see, and with Him forever be.
Will you meet me in that land of cloudless day?

I will bid you all good-bye,
For the end is drawing nigh;
See, my breath is short and my body's growing cold.
In a city fair and bright,
In a robe of spotless white,
Safe I'll dwell forever in my Master's home.

Chorus :

I will bid you all good-bye,
I am not afraid to die.
Hark! I hear my Saviour calling me to come;
See the waves wash over me,
For a beacon light I see,
It is shining in my everlasting home.

Chorus :

AN UNSAVED MAN'S DYING TESTIMONY.

On a summer's eve, as the sun was setting
And the wind blew soft and dry,
A young man lay on a bed of fever,
And the tears stood in his eye.
Oh, mother, dear, come here and listen,
As I talk awhile with you ;
I've something ere I pass the portals
That I must confide to you.

Chorus :

I'm dying, mother, I'm surely dying,
And hell is my awful doom ;
Oh, hold my hand, and press it tighter,
For my heart is sad with gloom.

The other night, as I left the meeting,
God's Spirit bade me stay ;
But I said, not now, for next week only
I must go and dance with the gay ;
After this I'll go and get converted,
And be a Christian bright,
But alas ! Too late ; I see the folly
Of saying "Not tonight."

Chorus :

Now, mother, dear, tell all my comrades
Not to do as I have done ;
But when God calls, do not reject Him,
Or put it off in fun.
Then he took his mother's hand in his,
With the other raised on high,
And with tears rolling down his cheeks,
Said, "It is so hard to die."

Chorus :

Then he asked his mother, as his voice grew weaker,
If she for him would pray.
"For my eyes grow dimmer, and the way gets darker,
And I can not see the way."
Then she knelt, and in a voice that trembled,
She asked God to save her boy,
But he said, "Alas, too late, I perish,
I've missed eternal joy."

Chorus:

My unsaved friends, who sit and listen,
To the fate of mother's boy,
Oh, come tonight and get converted,
And be filled with holy joy.
By and by the days of grace are ended,
And the Spirit no more will wait;
And you will call for mother's prayers
Only when it is too late.

Chorus:

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

Having drunk so much he could drink no more,
Tom Gray lay down on the bar-room floor,
And fell asleep with a troubled brain
To dream that he rode on the Hell-bound train.
The engine, with blood was red and damp,
And darkly lit with a brimstone lamp.
An imp, for fuel was shoveling bones,
As the furnace roared with a thousand groans.
The boiler was filled with lager beer
And the Devil himself was the engineer.
A rack was stacked with cigarettes,
And a help yourself my darling Pets.
A great large box of snuff was there
With the common sign of an ugly bear;
A corn-cob pipe with a goose quill stem
And tobacco for all that was one of them.
The passengers made such a motley crew—
Church member, Atheist, Gentile and Jew,
Rich men in broadcloth and beggars in rags,
Fallen young women and withered old hags,
Yellow and black men, red and white,
Chained all together, a horrible sight.
Faster and faster the engine flew,
Wilder and wilder the country grew,
Louder and louder the thunder crashed,
Brighter and brighter the lightning flashed;
Hotter and hotter the air became,
Till the clothes were burned from each quivering frame,
And in the distance they hear such a yell,
“Ha! ha” croaked the Devil, “we’re nearing Hell!”
And oh! how the passengers shrieked with pain,
And begged the Devil to stop the train.
But he capered about and danced with glee,
And laughed and joked at their agony.
“My faithful friend you have done my work,
And the Devil will never a pay day shirk.
You have bullied the weak and robbed the poor,

And the hungry brother have turned from your door,
You have gathered up gold to canker and rust,
And given free vent to your fleshly lust;
You've justice scorned, too, and corruption sown,
And trampled the laws of nature down,
You've drank, and rioted, and murdered and lied,
And mocked at God in your hell-born pride;
You've paid full fare so I'll carry you through,
For it's only right that you get your due,
For every laborer is worth his hire,
So I'll land you safe in my lake of fire:
Where your flesh shall roast in the flames that roar,
And my imps torment you more and more."
Then Tom awoke with an angry cry,
His clothes wet with sweat and his hair standing high,
And he prayed as he never prayed before,
To be saved from drink and the Devil's power;
And crying and praying were not in vain,
For he never more rode on the Hell-bound train.

TO EVERY ONE WHO READS THIS BOOK.

This is the road you will travel,
Unless you mend your ways;
'Tis the prison that it leads to,
And there you'll end your days,
From rum you have become a bum—
And wine and women, too,
And filthy dives and gambling dens
Have made a brute of you.
The prison gate is open,
And awaits your dismal face;
And there you'll go to mope and die—
Unless you change your pace.

THE LANDS OF HEATHENDOM.

Over the ocean wave far, far away,
There the pōōr heathen are dying for day;
Groping in ignorance—dark is their night,
No blessed Bibles show them the light.

Chorus:

Pity them, pity them, Christians at home,
Send them the bread of light—hasten and come.

Here in this blessed land we have the light,
Shining from God's own word, free, pure and bright
Shall we not send them Bibles to read,
Teachers, preachers and all that they need?

Chorus.

SOWING AND MOWING.

Be careful what you sow, my boy,
For seed that's sown will grow,
And what you scatter, day by day,
Will bring you joy or woe.
For sowing and growing
Are the surest things that you know;
And sighing and crying and sorrow undying
Will never change seed that you sow.
Be careful of your acts,
For words can cut and deeds bring blood,
And wounds are stubborn facts.
Whether sleeping or weeping,
The seed that's sown will grow.
The rose-tree brings roses,
The thorn tree discloses
Its thorns as an index of woe.
Be careful of your friends, boys,
Nor walk nor mix with vice
And fly when sin entice;
The seed that one is sowing
And each will gather its own.
In joy or sorrow today or tomorrow,
You'll reap what your right hand has sown,
And when temptation would ensnare,
Remember Mother's night prayer.

Amen.

THE END.

GET RIGHT WITH GOD.

And lead a Christian life. You will find it so much better life to live in. Then God will bless you in all your work. The hardships of life have caused me to suffer with a worse case of catarrh of my head and stomach. It is so bad I have lost my hearing. I can't hear out of one ear, and not much out of the other one. I can't smell any at all, and I can't taste anything at all. It is all caused by catarrh. All my doctors say it is turning to consumption now. They said if I go South for about five years I would get well of it. I am selling this book of my life to get money to go South on. So please buy a book from me. It has got a lot of good advice in it. A police in Durham bought one. He told me he would not take five dollars for it, and do without it. So much good advice in it. Please buy one and help me to save my life; because the doctor said I can't be here on earth long unless something is done for me. If you don't care to read this book of my life, please help me a little anyway. Help me save my life, then God will help you in all your works. You all will please forgive me the life I have lived, and God will forgive you. I am leading a Christian life now. I find this is a happy life to live in. I can lay down and sleep now all night, without looking for any officer at all. God bless this life. Get right with God and lead a Christian life, and remember your mother's night prayer. Amen!

Price only 25 cents. Buy one. It may save your poor soul from hell for eternity.

I am also selling a good Shaving Soap, good for many uses. Price 10 cents the box, 3 for 25 cents.